

THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN

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TRANSIENT NOTICES, FIFTY CENTS FOR EIGHT LINES, EACH INSERTION. FOR LARGER SPACE AND PERMANENT RATES, APPLY AS ABOVE.

In reference to the communication of our friend "Jesse," and with regard to all communications from every source, THE CITIZEN simply stands and points with its finger to the sub-title on this page. There, whoever runs may read our position on the opinions which our correspondents express. We believe in free speech.

DOES DETECTION DETECT?

The modern detective policeman is only the creature of faith and fancy. There have undoubtedly been detectives. We would not for an instant shatter the idol so ruthlessly as that. But if they were, they have gone the way of all the earth. They have been swallowed down, engulfed and gobbled up by the hideous maw of crime.

This we say not in anger but in sorrow. We are aware that if you deprive us of Detective Bucket in "Bleak House" and utterly enjoin Wilkie Collins, Gaboriau, and other novelists from employing this same familiar figure in their fictions, you have made much of our current literature a dreary waste. But if you strike out some portentous Pinkertons and eviscerate a score of flash weeklies the detective is really gone. In the plain language of our boyhood's fishing days, when the big bully of the pond came and bankrupted us, the detective has been seized upon and is now vanished, "hook and line, bob and sinker." The hook wherewith the guileless thief or the unsophisticated murderer should be captured, has been the bass-hook for a shark's jaw. And while the detective has disappeared, the great steel trap-teeth of crime are gnashing as fiercely as ever.

The ordinary detective affects mystery. He utters his mysterious phrases in a stage whisper. He drinks, presumably *incognito*, with many suspicious characters. He drives furiously hither and thither at his employer's expense. Futility counsels are frequently held; and it is perceived that he is "at work," that he is "piping the job," that he has a "clue," or has "grave suspicions," or "knows more than he cares to tell." This is the way that he makes it worth while—and if one cannot have an entire theatre of actors and a stage and the other accessories, then the detective affords an abundant consolation in his own proper person. The triumph of idiocy would appear to have been reached at Stratford, Conn. We always knew that it was a great thing to be able to enlist chemistry and photography and microscopy and all that sort of thing, but we did not know before what an amazing amount of blindness of mind came out of them. The theories demonstrated or demonstrated—boiled, that is to say, or bubbling in the pot—are highly creditable to the judgment of those people who deny Darwinism. For if evolution be no myth, we ought by this date to have been in the possession of a class of detectives who should, by very instinct, smell out the offence and the offender—blood hounds and sleuth hounds who should run a trail down with absolute certainty.

But at Stratford, there is nothing but mystery. No wonder that Puck has satirized that land of steady habits in a scathing cartoon. We are no nearer to knowing how Rose Clark Ambler came to her death than we were in getting at the guilt or innocence of the Malley boys in the New Haven crime. And whenever any one washes a fact so clean that you can look through it, then comes an alleged detective and presently plaster mud over it from the outside.

The only successful detection is the detection which such a great journal as the *Tribune*, the *Times*, the *Herald*, or the *Sun* could undertake. This has already begun, and if the detectives are not impenetrably stupid, conceited, and generally asinine, they may find that they have been aided to advantage. Cream-colored oyster-slops; epileptic strangers; folks by the name of Curtis who are so unlucky as to drop their handkerchiefs—all these promising openings, in which the ambitious detective may be

buried without tombstone, are likely to be estimated rightly if the New York newspapers open on the case.

But as for the detective—why, the detective is gone. He has gone to be with the gingerbread toy horses and the penny "jawbreakers," and the chewing gum, and the stale peanuts prepared for infant minds. He is entombed with wooden nutmegs in his pocket and a basswood ham under his head. Yea, he has gone to keep company with the old time stage villain who cries "adeath!" and "Unhand me!" in the columns of the slush-and-garbage weeklies. Oh, he's gone and there's no doubt of it; and he will reappear in those depraved sheets, to the intense joy of the young cigarette, and to the peaceful delight of the patient patrolman, who equally dream of future days when they too shall be Sleuths or Thunderbolts, or drop on the prostrate felon like Pinkerton—or "a thousand of brick."

Alas for their hopes! Detectives no longer detect. They still keep the Ten Commandments in a series of photographs in the *Rogue's Gallery*, but the detective himself is

"Gone like the bulrushes round little Moses On the far banks of the Nile!"

THE SPOILS PARTY.

The Democratic papers jubilantly announce that Mr. Leon Abbett will take the stump and will speak throughout the State during the next campaign.

If his remarks to the committee which waited upon him last week to inform him of his nomination gave any clew to the character of his speeches, we hope he will do so. After listening to their complimentary address, Mr. Abbett proceeded to thank them "for this proof of their confidence, etc.," and after promising that he would make an aggressive fight, added these words: "Those whom I shall reward will be the men who do the work." This one declaration will cost that candidate many votes. A few more of the same kind will be sufficient to ensure his defeat. Never in the history of this State has a political struggle been opened by a formal declaration that "to the victors belong the spoils."

Whatever men may have hoped for or desired as the result of the election, no man except Leon Abbett has had the effrontery to announce that he represented in politics the spoils system and nothing else.

And yet this is just what might be expected of Leon Abbett. That is what his nomination means. He has been rewarded for his "work" by a nomination to the Governorship.

No man pretends that he is eminently fitted for that office. It is well known that his habits of thought, his associations, his principles, or rather his lack of principles, all combine to disqualify him for such a position. But he had been a faithful "worker" in the wards of Jersey City; he had sat up all night with the "heelers"; he had helped to "fix things in the Horseshoe district" of Hudson County, where an especially large majority was needed, and no "job" at Trenton or elsewhere had failed for want of his assistance.

When such a man as this comes to a Democratic convention and says, "I am the man who has done your work, and I want my reward," and then receives it; what could be more natural than that he should promise similar rewards for similar work.

Now, if Mr. Abbett should be elected and pursue this policy of rewards, some strange appointments would be made.

The term of Chief-Justice Mercer Beasley will expire shortly, and no one supposes that our distinguished Chief-Justice will work for Mr. Abbett's election. Who then will be appointed Chief-Justice? Under Mr. Abbett's plan, he would doubtless nominate some third-class lawyer, who by reason of having no legal practice to demand his attention, had been able to put in the largest amount of "work" at the elections.

This is what the spoils system means, and this is a fair illustration of what may be expected of the men of the Abbett class when they get into power.

We are confident that no Republican can be induced to vote for Abbett, and it would seem that Democrats of character and respectability would take pleasure in aiding to defeat this attempt to "Butlerize" their party in New Jersey.

AS TO ADVERTISING.

What was once a mere convenience has become an art. In place of a scrawl upon a blank wall, we now have the ingenious methods of the modern advertiser. And this is so well understood that he who does not advertise is lost. Large houses even employ persons whose sole duty it is to prepare the cards and circulars and advertisements of the firm.

There are two styles of drawing attention to the wares which are for sale. One is to vaunt them above their merits and to force them in some obtrusive and ugly manner upon public notice. The traveler is taken by the throat and commanded to "Buy Bunkum's Beautifier!" or to "Wear a coat from Snip, the Tailor," until all the manhood in him rises up and cries out, "I'll see myself peck-marked and ragged, and then I won't!" There is no excuse for an advertiser, whether in the newspaper or upon the rocks, being such a producer of profanity and such a tormentor of his kind. When the goods do not fulfil what is said of them, or when they simply irritate the buyers' soul by their announcement, "twere all the same as though he praised them not. Then there is the other method—and, as

we think, the better one. It consists in the attractiveness of the advertising, in the honesty of the announcement, and in the clear and convincing way of setting forth the advantages and cost of the articles for sale. Holmbold, whose success was once so phenomenal as to inflate his vanity into craziness, was a good example of persistent advertising. He had certain really valuable medicinal preparations, and was the proprietor of a small drug store at the corner of North Eighth and Brown Streets in Philadelphia. He began by pushing these articles everywhere, enlarged his production, and accumulated a great fortune.

The moral of this short fable is decidedly short itself. It teaches that if one has a good article he does well to make it known. It teaches that there are various methods of communication with the public, but that few are more valuable than those afforded by a live local newspaper. It teaches that it therefore pays to advertise in THE CITIZEN.

COLLEGE EDUCATION.

At this season of the year many a thoughtful and perhaps anxious hour is spent by earnest minded parents and ambitious sons in trying to decide upon the advisability of a college education. The time for actual final decision may be months or years in the future, but each season of opening preparation for renewed application to books brings home the question with ever-increasing force. The great advantage of college training to those in professional life is so generally admitted that for the present we pass on to the very sharply contested question of its effect on the business man.

We hear it stated on every hand and in the most decided manner that the college unites a man for commercial affairs; that the student cannot develop into the successful merchant, manufacturer, or financier. In other words, study of mathematics, language, literature, science, and art, and the life which this study demands, destroy executive ability. The claims of the opposition, reduced to their simplest terms, appear rather startling. Are they well founded? In the first place, many make these statements for the same reason that they speak of the moon's affecting the weather and of that fiction, the equinoctial storm—because they accept a popular belief without investigation.

It cannot be disputed that changes of weather take place frequently at the time of the changing moon, and that a storm frequently occurs in some part of the month that has the equinox in its middle. Neither can it be disputed that the college graduate frequently shows little aptitude for business. We doubt, however, if the college has any more to do with this state of affairs than the moon with the weather or the equinox with the storm.

A favorite method of showing the incompatibility of student life and mercantile success is to quote examples. This form of argument, like artillery in the hands of the unskilled, makes much noise, but does little execution. The example must be truly representative, and in ordinary argument it rarely is so.

Some men without education have made brilliant business successes. Are they true representatives of the uneducated classes? On the contrary, they are the rarest exceptions, and on account of being exceptional they are much talked about. The typical ignorant man makes no such success, and is not expected to. Let us take a single extreme example on the other side. Dr. McCosh is one of the profoundest thinkers of the time, yet it would be hard to find his superior in executive ability. If all that characteristic shrewd business management of his had been used for his own profit, he would have doubtless owned his millions.

A college is a mill. What goes in comes out, changed indeed, but still the same. Neither the one nor the other alters the essential character of what it receives. The free student life develops what it finds, be it what it may. The boy with professional instincts regards his course as a series of stepping stones which shall more quickly and easily lead him to the special realm of knowledge which he seeks to explore. The one, on the contrary, who longs for the activity and excitement of business life, regards the same course as furnishing him with sure and ready weapons which shall render success more quick and certain in the coming struggle. Let not the business man regard the four years as wasted time. That power of concentration gained in following the intricate reasoning of mathematics will solve almost at sight the business problem which the untrained mind would struggle with long in vain. That same unerring precision, which selects the right synonym from the half-score furnished by the lexicon will choose methods and expedients as readily as words. The mind educated in the balancing of probabilities, which has built up science, will the more readily find the true way amid the perplexing, conflicting evidence of daily life. The concentration of the greater part of our energies upon one subject has a tendency to make us narrow-minded and one-sided. A broad course of study between sixteen and twenty will tend to make a cultured, liberal-minded citizen of the mercantile world at forty. We have not time to speak of the inexhaustible source of relaxation and wholesome pleasure which the gratification of literary taste formed at college will be to the weary toiler after dollars.

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